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2. — *Souvenirs d'un Voyageur. Nouvelles, par* EDOUARD LABOULAYE. Paris: Hachette. 1858. 16mo. pp. 229.

IN this pleasant volume M. Laboulaye has brought together several ingeniously constructed tales, illustrating the manners of Italy and Germany. He is a graceful and skilful writer, and has the art of attaching a charm to very common and slight incidents. A member of the Institute ought of course to exhibit his classical knowledge, and we learn from numerous quotations that this story-teller, who repeats fairy legends, is also a scholar and a critic. The touching history of the "Jasmin de Figline" is varied by a nice bit of philological discussion about "Titius" and "Ramnes," and the personages in "Don Juan" are made to suggest lines from the *Ars Poetica* of Horace. Sly jokes are not wanting. The story of "Jodocus" gives us the picture of an English scholar, and the confusion of manners, tongues, and nations at Leghorn is summed up in a single proverb, that "if a Pagan had lost his religion, he could find it again in that city." The Italian canon is admirably drawn, shrewd, simple-minded, fond of a good argument and a good dinner, kind-hearted, and lazy.

The volume contains five stories, all of them entertaining.

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3. — *Les Anglais chez Eux.* Par FRANCIS WEY. Paris: Michel Lévy Frères. 1856. 16mo. pp. 319.

M. FRANCIS WEY belongs to the class of sharp satirists and sparkling feuilletonists, — to that "Young France," of which M. Edmond About is the foremost type. His book upon "The English at Home" has just that free-and-easy style of description, and that trenchant wit, which make a book popular in the French capital; and we are not surprised that the sale of the first edition has warranted this new, revised, enlarged, and cheapened issue. The tone of M. Wey's strictures is not malignant. He acknowledges the grandeur, the power, the massive solidity of English prosperity and of English civilization. He makes allowance for the necessary barbarism of a people separated from the polite world, and living in the fogs of that dull island. He is considerate, and often hints objections and faults which he does not fully set forth. But there are hard hits enough to keep the reader in perpetual good humor. The comparisons are original and very comical. Nelson's statue, at Charing Cross, horned, capped, and garnished with

a lightning-rod, is said, "on a side view," to resemble "a statue of the Devil." An old French officer, we are told, seeing the hideous statue of Wellington at Hyde Park corner, exclaimed, remembering Waterloo, "We are avenged at last." In the cupola of St. Paul's, one of the staircases seemed to M. Wey to have, like Jacob's ladder, "faith" for its support; he could see no other foundation. He quotes a remark of the grand nephew of the illustrious Pitt, "that the use of religion is to prevent socialistic ideas, and to help men in keeping their property"; and adds, "The English are a very religious people." The creed of the land, he says, is inscribed on the frieze of the Bank of England, — "Lord, direct our operations! Fortune for me, honor to God!" He characterizes Westminster Abbey, where men who had no bread to eat have now stones of monumental marble, as "a Jehoshaphat valley of intellect and greatness." The English, we learn, justly name Torrigiano (who broke with a fisticuff Michel Angelo's nose) a rival of the great sculptor. That claim would be appreciated *in the country of boxers*. The reason why Englishmen do not like to speak French is, not that they do not know the language, but that they are afraid of being laughed at for their false pronunciation. The hooped petticoats he declares to be an English invention, and likens them to bells everlastingly swinging.

Some of M. Wey's statements are to be taken with large abatement; as, for instance, when he says, that on every afternoon, from four to six, forty thousand family carriages are circulating in the streets and parks of the West End; that the English never make calls or ride out on Sunday; that the noble art of sparring is losing ground; and that such characters as M. Lionel Banks, the "Protestant theologian," are to be found at Oxford. His observations upon English manners are often as shrewd as those of Mr. Emerson; and though the work of the American writer is far superior in philosophical insight and literary finish, its judgments substantially agree with those of M. Wey. It is a satisfaction to poor Yankees, who have been called so often to smart under the chastisement of English travellers, the Halls, Trollopes, Hamiltons, *et id omne genus*, to find that the same measure is meted to the nation which has ridiculed them, that the habits, the speech, the dress, all the vulnerable points in the life of self-sufficient England, are seized and treated by her ancient rival with a caustic severity which her own writers cannot reach. The wit of Paris supersedes the vengeance of mortified America.